

W. J. Carter - Esq.

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**Ladies Department.**  
**A GOVERNESS WANTED.**  
BY MRS. ADAMS.  
Our governess left us, dear brother,  
Last night in a strange fit of pique;  
Will you kindly seek out for another?  
We want her at latest next week:  
But I'll give you a few plain credentials,  
The bargain with speed to complete;  
Take a pen—just set down the essentials,  
And begin at the top of the sheet!  
With easy and modest decision,  
She ever must move, act, and speak,  
She must understand French with precision,  
Italian, and Latin, and Greek;  
She must play the piano divinely,  
Excel on the Harp and the lute,  
Do all sorts of needle work fluently,  
And make feather-flowers, and wax-fruit.  
She must answer all queries directly,  
And all securities well understand,  
Paints in oils, sketch from nature correctly,  
And write German text and short-hand;  
She must sing with power, science, and sweetness,  
Yet for concert must not sigh at all,  
She must dance with ethereal finesse,  
Yet never must go to a ball.  
She must not have merely relations,  
Her dress must be tasteful yet plain,  
Her discourse must abound in quotations,  
Her memory all dates must retain;  
She must point out each on her chief beauties,  
She must manage dull wits with skill,  
Her pleasures must be in her duties,  
She must never be nervous or ill!  
If she write essays, odes, the times, and sonnets,  
Yet be not pedantic or poet,  
If she write novels, but deep cottage bonnets,  
If she deem it high to tread in feet,  
If she deem it high to add sense and spirit,  
Engage her at once without fear,  
I have to reward modest merit,  
And I give—forty guineas a year!  
I accept, my good sister, your mission,  
To-morrow, my search I'll begin,  
In all circles, in every condition,  
I'll strive such a treasure to win.  
And if, after years of probation,  
My eyes on the wonder should rest,  
I'll engage her without hesitation,  
But not on the terms you suggest.  
Of a kind I have never made selection,  
For my local thoughts would still dwell  
On an object so near to perfection,  
That I blushed half my fancies to tell;  
Now this list that you kindly have granted,  
I'll quote and refer to through life,  
But just blot out—*A Governess Wanted.*  
And head it with—*Wanted a Wife!*

From the Diary of a Joke Hunter.  
**THE WALTHAM WAG.**  
\* \* \* Sam answered my knock. "Mas-  
ter of us, sir," said he; "found himself very  
queer and quizzish this morning, so he took  
the Fulham stage, and gone down to Mr. Hook's."  
Felt exceedingly queer and quizzish myself,  
and determined on following the example of so  
good a judge. Made the best of my way to the  
White Horse Cellar. Mat Webster was there—  
clean as usual, but evidently down upon his  
luck. Inquired the reason. "Why it's a blue  
look out, master," said he. "Here now after  
trying for more nor a month, and spending with-  
in a trifle, one and ten pence to bring the thing  
to a final commencement, and laughs in my  
face. Only I couldn't afford it, mind me, I'd  
set to, and kicked 'em!" Beggied him to  
afford me further particulars. "Why to tell you  
the truth, master," said Mat, "I thought I'd  
make my fortune but my invention's all smoke,  
it seems—other people invented the same  
thing years ago. I found the way to make a  
shilling bottle of blacking for two pence wine-  
gar included; but the blacking makers call  
that extravagant, and says a shilling's worth,  
bottle and all, costs 'em five farthings or less  
how should I think they could live?"  
Condoled with Mat on his misfortune, and  
inquired for the queerest coachman. Mat  
said that William Jenm was the rummest kiddy  
on the road, barring Duck nosed Dick. "But  
she later warn't," added Mat, "an't so con-  
versible; that's Jenm coming up—he with the  
blue muzzel and white hat, what looks so wick-  
ed him there, what's all clothes and hands—  
barring his face. I had occasion to tip him a  
dig in the ogle 'other day, and you see, master,  
he han't struck my colors yet."  
Jenm now approached—"Fulham, sir," said  
he, "a box vacant." Agreed to ride by his  
side, and in rather more than ten minutes we  
started. Over the stones conversation was out  
of the question, but the moment we got on the  
road, we had "a talk" to the following effect.  
"Bad black eye that of yours, Jenm—how did  
you get it?"  
"I was trying to wink, sir."  
"Your near horse is lame in the off fore-foot."  
"High, grand-actioned horse that I—lamed  
himself last night by striking his too against his  
upper teeth."

Been a charger!"  
"The other's lame too—"  
"Yes, he trod upon a frog—poor thing!"  
"How he whistles!"  
"Ah! he's invaluable, sir. Got a thrush in  
each foot."  
What time will you reach Fulham?"  
"I shall draw the boot of my weblee on the  
foot of the bridge precisely at eleven."  
"Why, you're a punster, I perceive!"  
"No; I'm a Chelseaman—birth, parentage  
and education."  
"Write a good hand?"  
"Not at all—I was borne a pen-shummer close  
by the college; but for all that I can make my  
mark to a receipt for any amount. 'Twix this  
here old gentleman—Fulham, sir—I only say  
that to plague him. He's a rear admiral.  
Rear indeed and can't ride a rocking horse!—  
He won't travel with me."  
"How have you offended him?"  
"Why one night when we got to his door,  
being a mighty uppish sort of a cove, he  
wouldn't lena on my arm; the step was broken,  
and down he fell flat under the porch."  
"Why, admiral, says I, you've struck your  
flag?"  
"So you lost your passenger by your joke?"  
"Joke—I can't see no joke in it."  
"Then you don't know what a joke is?"  
"Don't I? Only look at this lady with the  
little boy in her arms what's a coming now this  
what I call a joke. Beg your pardon ma'am  
there's the child's shoe on its foot! Did you  
twig how frustrated she was—and how she look-  
ed about her, and how, when I said on its foot,  
she half laughed, half frowned, and went off  
blushing giggling, and biting her lip. I had a  
joke with Buck, what keep the Goat and Boots  
this morning. I made a little hole in a hor-  
rindge, sucked all the juice out, and then blowed  
it up with my breath so as to make it look  
quite natural. Along comes Buckle in a gig  
with his wife; and just as we was passing one  
another, I tosses him this here make believe  
horridge. 'Thankye, Jenm,' says he, while it  
was a falling—but when he cotched in his  
whip-hand, and it crumple up to nothing in his  
grasp—oh, crickey!—here he comes—solus  
and sulky left his wife at William Green, I  
reckon won't speak I can see. Buckle—Buckle  
(and Jenm pointed to the vacant seat in the gig  
as he spoke)—why Buckle you've dropped your  
tongue!"  
"Now that's a very fair joke. Buckle him-  
self turned round and shook his fist and grined  
at you for it."  
"Well, I can see nothing of a joke in it for  
my part. I wish I knew exactly what a joke  
was. Then I shouldn't lose no passengers—  
nor yet get laughed at so often. Now, there  
was 'other day, Mr. Coggan, says he; that  
there breed o' bantams I bought of you don't  
answer—they're all cocks,"—Well, sir, says I,  
"there's one comfort—if you don't get no chick-  
ens you gets a lot of crows." With that, both of  
'em set to and laughed at me—quite disagree-  
able.—Well, Presently, Coggan says to Blanch,  
says he, 'It's all the same, cocks or hens for no  
fowls could thrive in such a hole of a hen house  
as that—the water comes in from all quarters  
—it's a regular fish pond.' 'That's true enough,'  
says I, 'for one day I saw a perch or two in it  
myself. Upon this, they laughed at me worse  
than before; but when they began to talk about  
Mr. Coggan's own poultry—fine black Span-  
ish birds as ever was seen, with combs as big as  
beef steaks, and white ear bags just like pillow  
cases, I made an observation which they took  
up in such a way as to put my pipe out com-  
pletely. 'Tell ye what it is,' said Mr. Coggan  
'do all in the power of man, and sometimes  
birds will fall as well as coach-masters. Now  
there's my stock—they don't half get on—not  
as I could wish can't tell how it is, but they're  
overrun with vermin. That's odd too, sir,' said I,  
'for no fowls' heads can be better combed. This  
innocent observation of mine got me a dig in  
the ribs on one side from Mr. Coggan, and a  
ditto ditto on 'other from Mr. Blanch, and  
away they went, quite ungentlemanly, laughing  
at me like Winkin.'"  
"Who was Winkin, Jenm?"  
"A printer's apprentice, what run away with  
little 'Gin and Bitters.' Mother Wateron's bar-  
maid at the Red Cow, and hung himself two  
days arter, because her breath always smelt of  
pump water. There goes Miss Evelina De-  
vlin Thingumbob—the female swell she's cut  
me for a downright good honest hashish. In  
course, sir, you can't be so ignorant as not to  
know that bustle is one, which means money.—  
Very well. One day I sets her down at the  
bottom of Bond street, and arter she'd paid me  
—while I was putting up the steps—I sees a  
farthing on the flags—so thinking in course it  
was her property, I runs arter her, calling out,  
'Hollo, ma'am—you've dropped your bustle!'  
Wi' that, she puts down one hand just under  
her waist in front, and 'other like lightning just  
under her waist behind, where, in some out-  
and out swell ladies, an opening to the pocket  
—which what with nutmegs, nutmeg graters,  
the cupboard keys, and so forth, makes them  
stick out so in that department." Good God,  
says she, 'my bustle! and she'd have fainted if  
I hadn't showed her the farthing. You'd hard-  
ly believe it may be, but as sure as I am here  
sitting she slapped my face, and won't never ride

with me since. Now there's a gentleman at  
that bow window, he in the green coat and  
smutty mug—what looks as though he'd rubbed  
his face again a nigger—we calls him Dr. Tar-  
paulin—"  
"Why?"  
"I suppose because he's the biggest liar going  
he'll make you believe the most unbelievable  
thing whatsoever, and then laugh at you for  
believing it. He always rides with me. Tellee  
why—though I don't see no reason in it. There  
was a bit of a heifer—a poor stunted thing—a  
downright calf to all appearance—met with a  
mistortune arter Barnes. Common: she fell  
down a quarry and died. Nobody owed her  
so Mr. Tarpaulin had her lugged up to his shop  
—he's watery surgeon—to make into a skele-  
ton. While he was opening her, I popped  
in with a horse-what had got the grease, my  
fellow servant had lamed him so; and by jingo,  
the poor little hannibal proved to be a calf."  
"Why she's nothing but a calf herself," says Dr.  
Tarpaulin. "Well," says I, putting in my spoke,  
"I've often heard of such a thing before, but this  
is the very first time I ever saw a weal with a  
weal." "Jem," says he, "that's a good un!" and  
he rid with me regular ever since, because of  
that common observation, which he must have  
heard ten thousand times afore.  
"Allow me to tell you it was a joke, Jenm."  
"No such thing, sir, axix your pardon: this  
is a joke, as you shall see. There's Mr. Bur-  
chell's man, and Col. MacLeod's man—both  
blackey-moors—standing at their masters' gar-  
den gates, and looking down the road as if they  
was waiting for the milk-man or summat,  
while all the time the lazy wagabones is doing  
nothing but dawdling to see my coach pass.—  
Now you'll please to notice how I'll make 'em  
front about. The nearest, this here chap to  
the left, is Mr. Burchell's Pompey—I say,  
Inky-face—did ee see how he turned? Now  
for 'other—Hollow! Alabaster—what's fignum  
whitey? There he knows his name—because  
for why? Alabaster and Inky-face is all one  
—black and white being the same thing.—  
Some people calls me 'Gipsee' because I'm  
brownish, and others knows me by the name of  
'Lilly-white' for the same reason. But dash  
my rags if here an't some o' the Royal family  
—notice the coachman."  
"This gentleman was worthy of notice; his  
livery coat was intensely scarlet; his complexion  
crimson; his eyes lurid and blood shot. My  
companion hallooed to him in stentorian tones  
as the two vehicles passed each other."  
"Why, coachee! you look as if you'd been  
put in a smith's forge, and blowed red-hot!"  
"Jem, I must ride with you again. Set me  
down at the top of Fulham town."  
"Thankye, sir, but afore we reaches the  
corner—talking of jokes—I'll tell you the best  
joke I knows. One night, 'twas my last jour-  
ney, I'd just stepped into Jermyn street to get  
a go of Kennet ale, to wash down my wittles,  
while my vehicle was at the cellar, when, as I  
was coming back, I put up my foot on a stone  
which propped a post in St James's street to tie  
my shoe. Well, it so happened that just then  
some nobleman, who'd lost all he had, as I  
should think, at one of the club houses, comes  
along—chock full of fry, without having no-  
body to abuse—when he sees me bent double,  
with my back towards him. So—mind me,  
we'd no acquaintance, it was the first time we  
met—he takes a bit of a run, and gives me a  
kick behind, what sends me bang into the mid-  
dle of the Road, saying, says he, 'D—n you!  
you're always tying that shoe!'—now that, to  
my fancy, is a joke."

From the Argus  
**A Good Joke.**—A facetious friend of ours  
who will have his joke upon all occasions, tell-  
the following good story, which we venture to  
put in type although it is "founded on fact," as  
the saying is. A certain limb of the law, fa-  
mous for his industry and success in securing  
small debts, had lodged in his hands for collec-  
tion a demand of five dollars against a poor man  
who lived in one of the secluded plantations in  
the Eastern part of the State. He forthwith  
made out a writ, and as was usual with him,  
accompanied the officer who was charged with  
its service. After travelling about ten miles  
miles they found the poor man's hut, with only  
his wife for an occupant; it did not contain an  
article worth attaching; and they were about to  
give up their search when the lawyer espied a  
flock of geese in the woods, and proposed to the  
sheriff that they should be captured. Chase  
was accordingly given, and at length their ex-  
ertions were crowned with considerable suc-  
cess. Ten of the geese were captured, and  
with their legs tied across a pole, borne off in  
triumph on the shoulders of the victors, not-  
withstanding the poor woodman's wife begged  
hard for their release, on the ground that she  
had not a feather bed in the house, and had  
been carefully nursing the brood in the hope of

luxuriating on their plumage. When the wood-  
man returned he was informed what had taken  
place, and, as might be expected, was very  
much enraged; he forthwith repaired to our  
informant, who promised to do all in his power  
to help him out of his affliction. He ac-  
cordingly despatched a letter to the goose-hunt-  
ing attorney, in which he assured him that al-  
though he had made an illegal seizure of his  
client's property he was not inclined to make  
him any unnecessary trouble, and advised him  
to restore it forthwith to its owner. The re-  
sult was an interview, during which a conver-  
sation something like the following, took place.  
We shall designate our informant as Mr. A., and  
the butt of his ridicule as Mr. B.  
B. Well, Mr. A., I have called to see you  
about those geese. I have been looking into  
my books, and I can find any thing which for-  
bids the attachment. Do you find it in the  
statutes?  
A. In the statutes? no, man—it is the com-  
mon law.  
B. Common law! why, I've hunted through  
Coke and Blackstone, and they don't say  
anything about it.  
A. Coke and Blackstone be d—d—it's the  
common law of nations, man, and existed be-  
fore Coke and Blackstone were weaned.—  
You've read the history of Rome, ha'n't you?  
B. Why, yes—but what has that to do  
with the common law?  
A. A good deal—don't you remember that  
Rome was saved once by the cackling of a  
goose?  
B. Yes, I believe I do.  
A. Well a law was made at that time that  
for the future no goose should be attached for  
debt—it has been in full force ever since by  
the common consent of nations, and if you want  
to keep out of trouble, I advise you to send  
back the geese forthwith.  
B. Do you think so?  
A. Certainly I do.  
B. Well, I guess I will—but its rather a  
tough case to send 'em ten miles, arter running  
so almighty hard to catch 'em—but I suppose it  
won't do to break the common law.

**EAST FLORIDA.**—By looking on the map,  
about a hundred miles from the mouth of the  
St. Johns, a short turn will be seen in the riv-  
er. It is the place described by one of the his-  
torians of Florida as so thickly abounding with  
alligators, that a dog might cross the river by  
leaping from the back of one to the other, all  
the way over—a story larger than I intend to  
tell. But it is indeed a lovely spot, to which  
my careless pen can hardly do justice.  
"To view the place advantageously, we must  
sail up to it in a pleasure-boat, and then land.—  
At first, we are in a broad bay, but as we ap-  
proach, the river contracts, and exhibits that  
rare beauty in Florida—rippling water, running  
under the long, pendent, gray mosses of the  
live-oak, and the gracefully-bending golden,  
wild orange tree, bowing to the waters, and to-  
wing above all, the giant magnolias. Often  
the stream foams with fish, and the wild duck  
seems to be at home, and the deer comes down  
to drink the waters, and the alligator bellows  
like distant thunder. Otherwise, silence and  
solitude reign, and all appears as if man had nev-  
er intruded here. I have gone on shore to en-  
joy the coolness created under the wild orange  
groves by the current of the river, and have  
seen the Indian come paddling down the stream  
with his child; his squaw also rowing with one  
oar, while he paddled and steered, and every-  
thing has had the appearance of the time of  
Columbus. The hand of civilized man was not  
visible; all was primitive, and few could bet-  
ter enjoy the scene. This was my favorite  
place of resort. The alligator was not the least  
interesting neighbor. With my good rifle, I  
could prove my skill without any compunctious  
visiting of conscience, which is not always the  
case with a good marksman. When a man  
wings a noble eagle, he is apt to regret it, and  
to wish that it might soar away again. But an  
alligator, a man must be a first rate shot to kill  
—and when he is dead, we rejoice even as  
though we had killed that old serpent which is  
called the devil; for truly, nothing can seem  
more like the tempter. You would take him for  
an old log, on which you might step with safe-  
ty; and it requires a practised eye to see him  
when he is close by you: but only give him a  
fair shot, and he will soon show his power by  
whitening the river with foam—unless, indeed,  
the shot should be point blank, in which case he  
will only turn over and lift up, quivering black  
arm and hand, and die. I have counted ten or  
fifteen in sight on the river, at once, on a calm  
day; but generally they are close in shore, and  
then they make the finest shots.  
"One day, with a half-grown Indian and an  
Indian mulatto boy—who, by the way, was as  
handsome a fellow as ever I saw in my life, and  
the least to be depended on—was out with  
me in a canoe near this place, on an alligator  
hunt, and I shot one about twelve feet long,  
but did not kill him. Being the first one, and  
not long after my arrival in the country, I desired  
to secure his skin as a trophy. Thinking him  
sufficiently wounded, I made a noise of the  
rope at the bow of the canoe, and slipped it  
over the end of his rough, jagged tail, where it  
held on; but in attempting to tow him backward

to a good landing place, to have him skinned,  
he came to himself in a great measure, for he  
had only been stunned. There was a time  
then! The water foamed, and the canoe was  
jerked hither and thither, and he would come up  
alongside with his great jaws wide open, as tho'  
he would like nothing better than to swallow us,  
canoe and all. The boys were for cutting him  
loose, but this was out of the question.—  
My only fear was, that he would break loose.—  
So I sat the boys down on the bottom of the  
crank canoe, that he might not overset us, while  
I stood up with the butt-end of an oar, in the  
position of a harpooner, to 'give it to him' in the  
mouth and eyes every time he came up. Af-  
ter fighting in this manner for a time, and bat-  
tering up the end of the oar so that it was spoiled,  
by good fortune he dragged us near an over-  
hanging live-oak, on which I placed one of the  
boys, that he might go and get an axe. He  
soon returned, and I astonished him by a blow  
on his cranium, and then fairly settled him.—  
He had sand, and pine knots, and other 'hearty  
food' in his stomach. One of his hands had  
been lost, probably bitten-off in battle with some  
wild beast, or brother reptile. He made a very  
pleasant morning's sport, especially as it was my  
first conquest, and entitled me to all the privi-  
leges of a Floridian."—Knickerbocker.

**RANDOLPH**, eccentric and passionate abroad,  
was uniformly kind and generous at home.—  
His slaves loved him with the strongest affec-  
tion. The return of "Massa Randolph" from  
Congress was greeted with the utmost demon-  
strations of joy. A slave trader once called on  
Randolph, and not making known his purpose  
he was invited to dine with him. At dinner  
the trader glanced around upon the servant in  
attendance, inquired the price of Randolph, in-  
forming him at the same time that he was en-  
gaged in the slave-trade. It happened that the  
slave in question was one of Randolph's favorite  
servants. The enraged Virginian sprung from  
his table, and shook his skeleton finger furiously  
at the "soul-driver." "Leave my house,  
sir!—leave instantly sir! Am I to be insulted at  
my own table?" The wretched slave-trader  
saw that he had no time to lose. He fled from  
the house and mounted his horse. Randolph  
called hastily for one of his own horses, and  
seizing his pistols, set off in full chase after him.  
The dealer in human flesh looked back and saw  
the skeleton figure of Roanoke, like Death on  
the pale horse, close behind him. "Off of my  
grounds, you rascal!" screamed Randolph in  
his shrillest tones, leveling his pistol full at  
the head of his affrighted guest. The fellow plun-  
ged his spurs into his horse, and rode for his  
life over fence and bush, hill and hollow, until  
he had left behind him the territory of the Lord  
of Roanoke.—Essex Gazette.

**Bass Outwitted.**—A lad from the land of  
wooden nutmegs, apprenticed to the notorious  
Bass, having an irrepressible desire to spend the  
evening in the enjoyment of some instructive  
amusement, after an unusually laborious day's  
work, addressed his master late in the afternoon,  
with, "Sir, suppose I were you, and you were  
me, what think you I should say to you?"  
"Don't know, what should you?" "Why, I  
would say, 'Bill, here's a quarter to pay your  
admission to-night to the Zoological Institute,  
Union street.' The "quarter" was forthcoming,  
and no grumbling.  
The same vagabond genius "come it over"  
Bass a little nearer on Wednesday noon last.  
"Master," said he, "what do you value my ser-  
vices at per day?" "Why, about four-pence."  
"Then (putting his hand in his pocket) here's  
three cents—I'm off to the Free Bridge Jubilee  
the rest of the day!"—(Boston Traveller.)  
**OPTIMISM.**—A devout conviction that, under  
the government of a benevolent and all-power-  
ful God, everything conduces ultimately to the  
best in the world he has created, and that man-  
kind, the constant object of all his paternal care,  
are in a perpetual state of improvement, and in-  
creased happiness. This is a great and con-  
soling principle, the summary of all religion and  
all philosophy, the reconciler of all misgivings,  
the source of all comfort and consolation. To  
believe in it, is to realize its truth, so far as we  
are individually concerned; and indeed it will  
mainly depend upon ourselves, whether or not  
everything shall be for the best. Let us cling  
to the moral of Parnell's hermit, rather than  
suffer our confidence in the divine goodness to be  
staggered by the farcial exaggerations of  
Voltaire's Candide. If the theory of the form-  
er be a delusion, it is, at least, a delightful one;  
and, for own part,—"malin cum Platonis errore,  
quam cum alius recte sentire"—where the error  
is of so consolatory and elevating a description.  
An optimist may be wrong, but presumption  
and religion are in his favor; nor can we direct-  
ly pronounce anything to be for final evil, until  
the end of all things has arrived, and the whole  
scheme of creation is revealed to us. "Does  
not every architect complain of the injustice of  
criticising a building before it is half finished?"  
—Yet, who can tell what volume of the crea-  
tion we are in at present, or what point the  
structure of our moral fabric has attained?—  
Whilst we are all in a vessel that is sailing un-  
der sealed orders, we shall do well to confide  
implicitly in our government and Captain.—  
Tin Trumpet.

WOODENOW, Clerk.  
WOODENOW, Clerk.  
**Y's**  
**ines**  
well, and warranted  
they we intended.  
Daniel Holbe, Fal-  
ter & Tabbell, Cam-  
el.  
KASKELL,  
eply23  
**U's**  
late Hazekian  
from the Court  
about 175 acres of  
land into mowing,  
which is about one  
of 250 feet wide  
excellent aqueduct  
the Dam. The  
choice engraved  
good improved  
Hay, and has  
probably one of  
There is also  
residue in three,  
8, or  
WOODENOW.  
right year. Wood  
annually, in  
**AT THIS**

given by a bounteous Heaven [the ashes for snuff] He also











